

**THE WORLD.**  
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FRIDAY EVENING, DECEMBER 16.  
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**THE NOVEMBER RECORD.**  
Total number of "Worlds" printed during the month of November, 1887,  
**8,505,840.**  
AVERAGE PER DAY FOR THE ENTIRE MONTH,  
**283,528 COPIES.**

NOVEMBER CIRCULATION during the past six years compared:

	Monthly Total.	Daily Average.
1882.....	948,861	31,469
1883.....	1,361,670	45,889
1884.....	9,646,434	286,194
1885.....	6,946,434	266,194
1886.....	6,107,430	208,180
1887.....	8,505,840	283,528

**OPEN TO ALL.**  
The New York "World" invites every Newspaper Proprietor and every Advertiser to examine its Books and Press Room to Satisfy himself about its Circulation.

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(Average Measurement.)  
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The rates for advertising in the Daily World do not apply to the Evening Edition. For the rates of that issue apply to the Evening Edition.

**THE POCKET HERB.**  
Orator Lyman told a greater truth than he intended when he said to the assembled Republicans last night: "The President's Message touches your pockets."  
Indeed it does, and the pockets of all other taxpayers.

The President proposes to leave in the pockets of the men who earned it the \$100,000,000 a year now extorted from them by unnecessary taxes.

There is a principle involved in this policy, but the pocket nerve is a very sensitive one to American taxpayers, as the war-tariff defenders will discover.

**THE FIRST ROUND.**  
In the friendly bout of the Republican club the first knock-down was won by Sherman.

The result must have been surprising to those who fancied that Mr. Blaine's recent "message" had solidified and remagnetized the party in his favor.

The substantial reasons why the Republicans would not, as a matter of good policy, nominate Mr. Blaine for President may be set aside by the tariff issue. But the vote of the clubs yesterday shows that the nomination is by no means conceded to him yet.

Even so many things may happen before June.

**A SHAM WAR.**  
If the "Anti-Saloon Republicans" are really hostile to the saloon, instead of being on a scout for temperance votes, there is a practical way for them to prove it.

Let them direct their efforts to securing pledges from all Republicans not to keep or to patronize saloons. If successful, such a crusade would shut up half the saloons for want of patronage.

Will the "Anti-Saloon Republicans" fight the saloons in this fashion? In the language of Horace Greeley, "Not by a long chalk!" There are too many men of that party in the business, and too many of its voters who take their drinks as regularly as their meals.

It is a sham war, for votes only.

**SWELLING THE ESTIMATE.**  
Up go the city estimates for the coming year. And up, of course, will go the taxes.

New York's government cost \$4,000,000 an hour in 1887. It will cost much more in 1888.

Well, the metropolis is rich and growing richer and can afford to have what it wants and pay for it.

But here's the rub. It pays for things and doesn't get them. It expends big sums for good pavements, clean streets and innumerable other things which are never realized.

There ought to be more of the C. O. D. principle in the municipal expenditures.

**GOOD FATHER RIORDAN.**  
"Look out for the poor immigrant girls," were the last words of Father Riordan, the Castle Garden priest. Even on his death bed he thought lingered on the noble work to which he had so zealously devoted his life.

Father Riordan was indeed a friend in need to the thousands of poor girls who find themselves at Castle Garden, unprotected strangers in a strange land. His work was of the practical sort. He supplemented his priestly blessing with substantial assistance that made his mission one of the most useful in the metropolis.

Too much honor cannot be given to the memory of such a priest. There is many a well-paid squire in this town that has not one-tenth of Father Riordan's good work to his credit.

**JERRY BULL, AHOY!**  
It seems probable now that the next international race may be a contest between steam yachts. The superiority of American speed is tolerably well established and it is hardly worth while to accumulate more evidence of this fact. Moreover, the absurd and un-sportsmanlike conditions which now hedge the America Cup are likely to prevent further challenges.

Let us have a contest between the steam yachts for variety. A \$10,000 prize is already

offered to tempt our friends over the water, and they may be assured of fair play and generous conditions.  
Come, Johnnie Bull, you are thrice beaten in the contest of white-wings. Let us see what you can do in the line of nautical engineering. Bring on your smoke-stacks.

**PENNY POSTAGE.**  
Within a short time it will be possible to reduce letter postage to one cent an ounce without involving a serious loss to the Government.

To make the change now would probably create a deficiency of some \$10,000,000 a year.

The champions of a perpetual war tariff see in this another opportunity to spend the surplus, and therefore some of them favor a reduction in postage at once.

If the Government will take from the taxpayers no more money than it needs, they can pay the present rates of postage without trouble until such time as a cheaper rate can be afforded.

**FAIRNESS ESTIMATES.**  
The Commission appointed by the Legislature to report on the "most humane method of capital punishment" is understood to be in favor of some electrical mode of executing death sentences.

The murderers themselves are not given to selecting the "most humane method" of despatching their victims; but society owes something to itself. And hanging is certainly a coarse and brutal method of executing a criminal.

It would undoubtedly be less shocking to kill by a shock than by hanging.

Mr. Lynch says that in Mississippi "when the Democratic convention adjourns the election is over." It is just so in Pennsylvania and Vermont and Iowa when the Republican conventions adjourn. The elections in some States are only ratification meetings.

The Republican Club absentees from the Cooper Union meeting last night were perhaps "around town" gathering ocular and tangible proofs of the need of a Republican "Anti-Saloon" movement.

The colored orator from the South failed to mention anything that the Republican party has done for his race within the last dozen years to call for the fealty of the negro voters.

The Democrats in Congress may as well give up the idea of trying to overcome the majority of 80,000 in monopoly-ridden Pennsylvania or of weaning Ohio from its idols.

There is a good deal of sound philosophy in Mr. POWDERMILL's letters. He is not alarmed by the unrest among the laborers. "Discontent," he says, "is the mother of progress."

There is some doubt whether young Boss Coleman will be a very merry soul after Jimmy HUSTON's perambulation pole in its final work.

Being "fondled with a club" does not appear to improve Mr. BLAINE's political prospects.

The BLAINE boom collided with an Ohio ice-floe yesterday and was badly shaken up.

It was so Russian, you know.

**WORLDLINGS.**  
The Kansas City Board of Education has decided to make the study of Spanish compulsory in the city high schools.

A young lad not yet in his teens was recently sentenced to a term in jail at Moulins, France, for stealing a cake worth one cent.

A boy and girl, aged fourteen and twelve years, respectively, were recently married at Shelby, Ala., with the consent of their parents.

A party of emigrants from Wisconsin passed through Hawkinsville, Ga., last Friday en route to Florida. They had travelled all the way in wagons, and had been on the road since the first of September.

Dr. Charles Terrell, of Eastview, Va., recently shot a quail, the plumage of which was so white, and it is now in the hands of a Washington taxidermist to be mounted. A white quail is about as rare a sight as a blue monkey.

The contract for the erection of the Hendricks Monument at Indianapolis will be let Jan. 1, all but \$5,000 of the \$35,000 subscribed for the fund having been collected. The largest sum contributed was \$500, given by W. W. Corcoran, of Washington.

Berry Lewis, of Red Oak, in Lawrence County, Mo., makes the claim that he was the pioneer settler of Illinois. He moved from Tennessee to Illinois, to Marion County, Ill., in 1796, and supported himself by hunting and trapping for many years until he finally decided to cross the river and become a Missourian.

A sensation was caused in the court-room at Calhoun, Ga., last week by the fainting of a witness for the defense in a suit to recover a sum of money which a farmer had lost while trading in a Calhoun store. The testimony of the witness seemed on its face to be perjury, and the words had hardly left his lips before he fell to the floor unconscious.

Will Johnson, a young man living near Cowden, S. C., met with a severe and peculiar accident the other day. He had returned from a hunting trip and was leaning over the stove when his powder flask fell out of his pocket into the fire. Before he could seize it the flask exploded with great violence and he was badly injured.

Col. J. O. Churchill, of St. Louis, recently received from Capt. Orion Ingersoll, of Arkansas City, a valuable letter which he had dropped and lost when wounded at the attack on Fort Union. Capt. Ingersoll had picked the sword up in the field at Donelson, carried it through the war and taken it home with him when he retired to civil life.

A correspondent writing from Russia says that in the dining-room of one of the large cafes of Moscow there is a pool of fresh water in which fish of various kinds and sizes swim about. Any patron of the restaurant who may wish a course of fish for his dinner goes to the pool, picks out the particular fish which strikes his fancy and a jiffy the waiter has captured it with a dip-net and sent it out to the chef.

A singular incident occurred in a Pullman sleeping car on the Knoxville and Augusta Railroad the other day. Just as the train was leaving Bradley, two "dry" passengers returned to their seats after a vain search through the cars for a drink. They found a bottle of champagne lying on the floor and found to be a flask partly filled with choice whiskey. This story is vouched for by the Augusta Chronicle.

**GOSSIP FROM WASHINGTON.**

**After the Holiday Season Look Out for a Hot Time on the Tariff-Personal Points About New York Congressmen.**

WASHINGTON, Dec. 15.—Nothing of an exciting nature is looked for in Washington until after the holidays. After Congress reassembles in January the fashionable world will begin to look up. Then it will be the statements of the country which will start in with their pet measures to distract the financial and political interests. At this time it is next to impossible to predict what Congress is disposed to do or will do with the tariff. The unanimous sentiment in and out of Congress is that the necessity for action was never more apparent and that never was the fear of delay more widespread.

Protectionists and Democrats, Protectionists and Free-Traders, tariff reformers, one and all unhesitatingly admit the urgency that the occasion presents and the imperative duty which devolves on Congress. The question is, however, to be solved and who is to be the man for the occasion?

Prize states are momentous, and the slightest error or false step will prove disastrous to the party that makes it. It is not surprising, therefore, that the leaders of both parties in Congress fight shy of the subject until they are forced, out of necessity, to face the music. It is no secret that the most prominent members of both parties in both branches of Congress are preparing speeches on the tariff and are for formulating policies for the tariff method of reducing the tariff. The Republicans, particularly, propose to pay their respects to the President quite vigorously on account of the tariff.

The Democrats are in fine fettle for the encounter. As between Speaker Carlisle and Samuel J. Tilden, the latter is the more formidable opponent, which was so destructive to all efforts to pass a tariff bill in the last and preceding Congresses. These two able men, at least, so it is generally reckoned, some understanding, the result of which, it is hoped, will redound to the best interests of the country.

War was threatened at a time between the New York members over the distribution of a number of petty offices in the gift of the Doorkeeper of the House. But the difficulty has been tied over and peace restored. Two gentlemen were left out of the distribution, one of them being a Republican because they voted for ex-Doorkeeper Sam Donelson, while every other one of their colleagues voted for Col. Hunt and elected him by doing so.

One of the handsomest equippages in Washington belongs to Congressman Stahlkeiser. It is a single-horse trap. The cost of the carriage was \$1,000. The animal that draws it is a full-blooded Hambrogh, named Cerberus. He is five years old, grey as a kitten, and at the same time full of life and spirit. He is the property of a gentleman who can be seen in great style, giving Cerberus an airing on the avenue, the covered of all observers. Several members of Congress who own fast horses have undertaken many times to shake the dust of their wheels in Cerberus's race, but up to the present time Cerberus has remained the fleet-footed barb from Yorkers.

Before going to the Hot Springs, Gen. Spaulding found time to go to the Executive Mansion, pay his respects to the President and express his profound delight at the prospect of resuming the friendly relations which were suspended for several years in consequence of the late contest. Governor of New York, refusing to sign a bill in which, after Spaulding was elected, Gen. Spaulding was interviewed, which was a very interesting one on both sides. "Only one name will be mentioned in the Democratic Convention," said Spaulding, "and that is the name of the man who is to be nominated by acclamation, all the Republicans talk to the contrary notwithstanding. Mr. Spaulding is not expected to return to Washington before the middle of January, as he hopes to be thoroughly cured of lungbo." There are also many exhibits entirely foreign to the character of the show. The big bronze turkey—exhibited by Sherman House, which was weighed yesterday. He tipped the scales at 44½ pounds.

The Chinese owls of R. Blumke, 248 Grand avenue, Brooklyn, are a source of wonder, and, indeed, the whole show is a success.

**PRIZES FOR THE MASON.**  
Some to be Given Away To-night and Others to be Awarded by Votes.

Fifty thousand dollars is the amount taken in at the booths and tables up to last night by the ladies who are managing the Masonic Fair, and this is only part of the revenue. The other statistics are not in yet.

To-night at Steinway Hall there will be a grand concert given by the Crescent Lodge in aid of the Masonic Asylum Fund. Those who are fond of the light and the nickel trimmings under his arm. For three hours he waited, and then without a word tucked the box under his arm and went away.

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The Peacemaker in a Fight Between Aqueduct Laborers Shockingly Wounded.

Some Aqueduct laborers had a fight last night, in consequence of which one man now lies in the Manhattan Hospital in a critical condition.

Thomas Kennedy, aged twenty-four, is a laborer in shaft No. 38, and is also the keeper of a boarding-house at One Hundred and Sixty-third street and Tenth avenue. Patrick Corcoran, aged twenty, is a boarder.

Last night Corcoran and another man had a dispute about some money and soon came to blows. Kennedy, not wishing any fight on his premises, stepped in between the two combatants and endeavored to quell the disturbance.

As he did so Corcoran, with an oath, pulled out a razor and, seizing Kennedy by the hair, drew the weapon around his neck. Kennedy fell, while blood spouted from the wound.

Corcoran endeavored to escape, but the spectators, enraged by his action, rushed upon him and beat him unmercifully. When he did manage to break away both eyes were almost completely closed and blood was flowing from many cuts on his face and about the head.

In this condition the man climbed over the rear fence and ran down the street. He was stopped by Policeman Froo, of the One Hundred and Sixty-second street squad, and led back to the scene of the fight.

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**An International Y. M. C. A. Dinner.**  
The annual dinner of the International Committee of the Young Men's Christian Association was held last night at Clark's in Twenty-third street. Cephas Barnard presided. The twelve secretaries presented their reports and speeches were made by many others. Among the present were J. A. Bostwick, Eliot F. Bennett, Thomas H. Bennett, John H. Bennett, Robert Harris, President Northern Pacific Railroad; Prof. William H. Thompson, Benjamin C. Wilmers, John M. Touney, Jr., H. M. McElwaine, Everett P. Wheeler, Dr. Lucian Warner, Col. E. F. Ketchum, John S. Bussing, Francis W. Kennedy, Nelson C. Adams, of Philadelphia; Thomas Cochran, of St. Paul; President Gates, of the Academy of Music; Dr. H. H. Allen, of New York; William W. Wickes and W. Packard.

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**Sharp Affected by the Weather.**  
Jacob Sharp was considerably influenced by the unpleasant weather yesterday. In the evening he was taken ill, and he failed to appear at the funeral of the old man's death. The bright, clear weather to-day had done something towards repairing the damage for the weather.

**DOGS WITH RIBBONS ON THEM.**

**Also a Turkey for the President and Queen Pigeons at the Foultry Show.**

The dismal weather yesterday acted depressingly on the big poultry, dog and pigeon show at the Madison Square Garden, but the small attendance made it possible for the judges to work much faster, and at nightfall the department devoted to dogs had been thoroughly examined and the prize winners were decked with the ribbons symbolical of their success.

Prize of the wire-haired fox-terrier owned by Henry D. Steers, of 10 East Thirty-eighth street, won the first prize in that class, and English Jack, the property of J. R. Gilder, of 87 Hutton street, Jersey City, was declared to be the finest black-and-tan terrier in the show.

In the Yorkshire terrier class, Champion Ben, dog first, and Sunday, second, were owned by Peter C. Moore, of 10 East Thirty-eighth street, and were awarded prizes.

Among the toy terriers, Gilder's Eve's black-and-tan terrier, dog first, and a unnamed bitch owned by William J. King, of 241 West Thirty-third street, second. Among the pugs, Jumbo, Jr., the pet of Mr. Marion E. Barneaster, of Crawford, N. Y., was the favorite and Punnett, owned by Mrs. S. Maddox, was second. F. Senn took first prize for bitches with Daisy.

Mr. Gilder's Eve's King Charles spaniel, which was the favorite of the judges, and which was so destructive to all efforts to pass a tariff bill in the last and preceding Congresses. These two able men, at least, so it is generally reckoned, some understanding, the result of which, it is hoped, will redound to the best interests of the country.

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**MISERY IN LIFE AND DEATH.**

**A POOR MOTHER'S VIGIL BY THE SIDE OF HER DEAD BABE.**

Seeking Three Days in Vain For Means to Bury the Child—Father's Field the Only Resource Finally—Her Husband on a Spree Since the Infant Died—A Tale of Poverty from an East Broadway Carrel.

In a wretched room in the tenement 34 East Broadway, the bare walls and floor and scanty furnishings of which bespeak the poverty of the tenants, lived a few days ago James Driver, a drunken puffer, his wife and their child, seven weeks old.

To-day the father is gone, no one knows where, the child lies in the Morgue waiting burial in Potter's Field, and the mother sits huddled in her scanty garments trying to keep warm.

The couple were married ten years ago, when neither was more than seventeen. They had five children, two of whom are dead, while the others are in St. John's Home in Brooklyn. Their married life has been unfortunate. Six months ago Mrs. Driver left her husband, who failed to supply her even with the necessities of life, and went to her sister-in-law's in Brooklyn.

Last Saturday Driver sobered up sufficiently to repent, secured the room in the East Broadway tenement, and Sunday morning moved in with his wife and babe.

The infant was a delicate little thing, and lack of nourishment and care did not help it. The child grew weaker hourly. There was no attempt made at first to secure medical treatment. Indeed, if the mother found means to buy a meal she was fortunate, and the poor babe suffered accordingly.

One day a neighbor came, and between them they decided to seek aid for the child. The only physician they knew was an Indian Doctor on East Broadway. He saw the child and he could not live, gave him medicine to ease pain, took a dollar for his services and was gone.

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